

The Musical World.

(PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.)

A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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EPICRAM FROM THE GREEK OF MELEAGER.

Love, fierce deity, press thy knees on my throat;—I am prostrate.
Well have I known thee of old; know what a burden I bear;
Know too thy fiery darts; but yet they are wasted upon me:
No more thou burnest my soul; 'tis to a cinder consumed. J. O.

THE LIVERPOOL MUSICAL MEETING.

Concluded from our last.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE musical portion of the festival was brought to a conclusion on Friday morning by one of the most attractive performances of sacred music ever given in this country, the selections including the choicest compositions of Mendelssohn, Rossini, Handel, Mehul, Winter, &c. The concert commenced with Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion*; undoubtedly one of the most attractive compositions of the great master. It was on this occasion heard for the first time in Liverpool, and the second in England. It was first performed about three years ago at the Liege festival, for which it was expressly composed, and it has been once performed in London; but we learn that on no occasion has it been given so effectively and completely as it was on Friday. It is in the form of a hymn, and written in Latin, the different verses containing some of the most prominent doctrines of the Roman Catholic faith. The music, judging from one hearing, is of a highly devotional cast, and abounds with delicious bits of melody, varied by several graphic and spirited choruses. The pieces were eight in number—four choruses, two quartets, and two solos. The performance was admirable throughout. Garcia, though suffering from a distressing cough, sang the first solo with the intense religious fervour which characterises all her efforts in sacred vocalism. Jetty de Treffz sang much better than on any previous occasion, her voice sounding much fuller and rounder than usual.

The second part consisted of selections from Handel's oratorios of *Solomon*, *Susannah*, and *Israel in Egypt*, Mendelssohn's *Paulus*, Mehul's *Joseph*, and a trio by Winter. Of *Israel in Egypt*, we read in a history of his works:—"In whatever way we may regard it, the *Israel in Egypt* is the grandest of all Handel's oratorios, and the incredible readiness with which it was composed (the whole time occupied in designing and completing it being between October 1st and November 1st, 1738—evidence of which exists on the face of the score in his own hand-writing) suggests the inference that he was unusually absorbed by his labour, and wrote *con amore*." Some of the choruses in it are the greatest ever written, even by Handel. "The Hailstone Chorus," and the one commonly known as "The horse and his rider," are remarkable for dramatic point and sublime power. They were given to perfection by the double choruses, and were loudly re-demanded. The choral force of the society appeared even to greater advantage than previously.

The other great point of the selection was Pauline Garcia's delivery of the song from *Susannah*. It was delivered faultlessly, the articulation was clear and pure to a degree; the whole air sung with the utmost simplicity and earnestness. It was altogether Madame Garcia's greatest hit, and was encored amidst the most vociferous applause. She was accompanied on the violoncello by Mr. Lucas, the conductor of the concerts of the Royal Academy of Music, London, and who has on several occasions also conducted the London Philharmonic concerts. We could wish to see such sterling native talent as this more often brought before the public. We are not adverse to procuring foreign aid, but we do not like to see superior native talent crushed for the sake of foreign names.

Herr Carl Formes and Jetty de Treffz also gained an encore—a duet from Mehul's *Joseph*,—and as the words were German, it was given with more than their usual effect and finish by both vocalists, each singing with deep feeling and purity of tone. The Misses Williams and Mr. Benson sang as a trio, "Winter and the Ladies," and a solo each from Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, very chastely. The concert and the festival concluded with, we think we may safely assert, the most complete and splendid performance of the *Stabat Mater*—far surpassing several performances of it we have heard in London, and doubtless vastly superior to its first production in Paris, where Grisi, Mario, and Lablache, for whom it was especially written, sang their usual solos in it. On this occasion the vocalists were Grisi, Alboni, Corbari, Mario, Lablache, Herr Carl Formes, and Tagliafico. Saying this, almost precludes the necessity of a critique—but we must mention that Mario and Grisi had both recovered the full beauty of their voices, and appeared in excellent force. The opening quartet was admirably given by Grisi, Alboni, Mario, and Lablache, and was followed by the beautiful tenor air, "Cujus Animam." It is exactly suited to Mario's voice, who never sang it better. His voice was sweeter, fuller, and more delicious than we ever heard it, the falsetto and sotto voce passages being given with the most extreme delicacy and taste. Such a faultless piece of vocalism by a tenor was never, we are certain, listened to but, strange to say, it escaped an encore. Herr Carl Formes sang the bass air "Pro peccatis" very finely, and Lablache astonished his greatest admirers by the deep feeling he threw into the recitative "Eia mater." What a pity it is that this great artiste does not sing more serious music; we would sooner find him make the great impression he did this morning than hear him in his finest buffo songs. He makes you laugh; but he can do much more—he can chain the ear of the most listless and make them serious. He was loudly applauded, and the recitative encored. Alboni sang the cavatina "Fac ut portem," and Grisi the air "Inflamatus," both in the best style; we need say nothing more. Grisi, Alboni, Lablache, and Mario then gave the final quartet, and so ended the great Liverpool Philharmonic Festival. On leaving the hall, the singers were all loudly cheered by the populace outside, who

had assembled in great numbers to catch a glimpse of them. The society have a book in which all the artistes write their autographs. Grisi, on being applied to for this purpose, wrote "Dans la salle la plus belle de chante en Europe."—GUILIA GRISI.

The festival of the Philharmonic Society terminated on Friday night with a fancy ball. More years than we like to remember have passed over our heads since we had the pleasure of mingling in the "gay and festive scene" in the magnificent suite of rooms of the Town-hall. What changes have taken place in the interval! How many that then lived and moved, the "observed of all observers," have been swept to their great account—how many fortunes have been annihilated—how many respectable families impoverished—and how many have climbed the rugged path to fortune in the interval! Thrones have been shaken, monarchs banished, republics established, and the whole frame-work of society dislocated, since we last encountered the mimic glories of a fancy ball. Nevertheless, we found at night, at the Concert Hall, the solemn and majestic Turk attracting attention, as though his master, the sublime Sultan, had no dread of being speedily devoured by the Russian Czar, his appetite whetted by the subjugation of the brave Hungarians. The fair Circassian was not less lovely because of the perils and the onslaughts in which her lace had been so long engaged with the northern despot. Hamlets more given to flirting than philosophy, despite the Danish quarrel, and Ophelias more likely to kill than to die of love, met you as before. Dalmatians and Americans, Albanians and Chinese, Tartars and Hindoos, were there in endless succession. Swiss peasants and Polish patriots, Spaniards and Portuguese, Africans and Greeks, all blended in amicable rivalry. Courtiers who never learned to fawn, Cantabs who had never got beyond the sound of St. Peter's in Church Street, figured bravely in the scene. The proud and overbearing Spartan, the haughty and commanding Roman, and the old English gentleman of Queen Anne's time, were on the most familiar terms, notwithstanding the disparity of their years. In short, the variegated crowd which mingled in the motley dance and all the points of resemblance that marked their former glories at the top of Castle Street.

A HORN-BOOK FOR MUSICAL CRITICS.

(From Punch.)

THE celebrated M. Vivier, the horn player, may indeed be expert in the use of his instrument, but if he takes our advice he will leave to the musical critic the task of blowing for him his own trumpet. Let him exert his lungs to the utmost, he will not be able to puff so hard as the gentlemen of the Press are ready to puff in his behalf—and we may add, that his great talent fully merits their flatulent exertions in his favour.

The last new discovery that has been made of his power over the horn is, that "it has become quite a new instrument in his hands," by which, we presume, is meant that in the artist's mouth the instrument acquires an air of novelty. If this is really the case, M. Vivier's mouth might obtain for him a rapid fortune, by enabling him to go about crying, "New horns for old ones," after the fashion of poor Aladdin's wicked uncle—who no doubt gave the original idea of introducing new lights among the rising generation, to that extremely liberal sect, the Lamp-eter brethren.

We wish the critics would invent some new form of laudation instead of telling us that Mons. So and So's horn is "new in his hands," or that Signor Such and Such's ophi-

cleide is "startling in his mouth," or "under his nose," while Herr This and That's great drum becomes "round his neck an instrument of the finest harmony." We purpose some day (which may mean any day, but generally means no day at all) to publish a Horn-book for Critics, in order to teach them to infuse into the first lessons of their art an air of novelty.

CORBARI'S DONNA ELVIRA.

(From the Times.)

THERE is one part in *Don Giovanni* which has been singularly disregarded by critics, and it is too often overlooked by the public. We mean that of Donna Elvira, one of the most trying and arduous in the opera, and one on which Mozart has expended unusual pains. Besides an *aria*, which for vocal difficulty has few parallels, ("Mi tradi quell' alma ingrata"—the pendant to "Ah! chi mi dice mai," from which it is separated by the "Madamina" of Leporello), Donna Elvira is of constant and paramount importance in the magnificent concerted pieces with which this most wonderful of operas abounds. She has a considerable share in both finales, and takes a foremost part in two trios, a quartet, and a sextet. The principal solo of Elvira, the *aria*, "Mi tradi," is not essentially what is styled effective; in other words, it does not at once and irresistibly appeal to the popular feeling; but it is, nevertheless, a composition of infinite depth, and Mozart himself has not surpassed it as a poetical illustration of character and feeling.

On the whole, perhaps a cleverer and more thoroughly satisfactory representative of Donna Elvira than Madlle. Corbari has not for many years appeared upon the Italian stage. Although this young lady does not very often appear in parts of importance, she is a great and deserved favourite with the public, and her thorough knowledge of music peculiarly qualifies her to do justice to the difficult music of Elvira. Her voice, a *soprano* of exceedingly agreeable quality, is unusually flexible; and this, added to the good taste that invariably distinguishes her singing, is of essential service to Madlle. Corbari in the execution of the florid divisions and bold progressions of the "Mi tradi," which is always one of the most striking points in the Covent Garden performance of *Don Giovanni*.

THE "EUTERPE" OF HERODOTUS.

TRANSLATED, WITH NOTES.

(Continued from page 549.)

LVIII. THE Egyptians were the first of all mankind to establish general (religious) assemblies, processions, and solemn supplications to the gods, and the Greeks learned these rites from them. This is to me an evidence on this point, that the Egyptian ceremonies appear to have been established a long time ago, while the Greek were established but lately.

LIX. The Egyptians do not hold a general assembly once a year, but many such assemblies. Chiefly and most zealously they hold them in the city of Bubastis (a), to the honour of Artemis (Diana) (b); and the next principal is in the city of Busiris (c), to the honour of Isis, for in this latter city there is the largest temple of Isis. This city is built in the centre of the Egyptian Delta. Isis, in the Greek tongue, is Demeter (Ceres) (d). The third principal solemnity is in the city of Sais (e), to the honour of Athena (Minerva); the fourth in Heliopolis, to the Sun; the fifth in the city of Buto (f), to

Leto (Latona) (g); and the sixth in the city of Pampremis (h), to Ares (Mars).

LX. When they travel to the city of Bubastis, they act thus:—The men go in the same boats with the women, and in each boat (*Bapis*) there is a great throng of both sexes. Some of the women have *crotala*,* which they play upon, while some of the men play on the flute during the whole journey. The other women and men sing and clap their hands. When they pass any other city, and bring their boat near to the shore, and while some of the women continue to play, as I have described, others, shouting aloud, scoff at the women in the city, some dance, and others perform indecent gestures. They do this at every city on the river side; and when they come to Bubastis they hold a festival, and perform great sacrifices. More wine of the grape† is consumed at this

† So called to distinguish it from barley-wine or beer.

festival than in all the rest of the year. The men and women who go to this festival are 700,000 in number, exclusive of children, as I am informed by the inhabitants.

LXI. When at Busiris, they hold the festival in honour of Isis I have already said. After the sacrifice, all the men and women, amounting to very many thousands, strike themselves (i); but in whose honour they do this it is not lawful for me to say. All the Carians who reside in Egypt do even more than this, inasmuch as they cut their faces with swords; thus showing that they are foreigners, and not Egyptians.

LXII. When they have assembled for the purpose of sacrifice in the city of Saïs, they all, on a certain night, burn a number of lamps in the open air, in a circle round the house. These lamps are little flat vessels filled with salt and oil. The wick floats on the surface, and this is kept burning all the night. The name of this festival is the "Lighting of Lamps" (k). Those of the Egyptians who do not come to the general assembly on this occasion, nevertheless observe the night of the sacrifice, and light their lamps themselves. Thus the illumination is not confined to Saïs, but takes place all over Egypt. A sacred reason is given for the illumination and the honour paid to this night.

LXIII. Those who go to the city of the Sun (Heliopolis) and to Buto merely perform sacrifice; but at Pampremis there are the same rites and sacrifices as elsewhere. When the sun begins to decline, a certain small number of the priests is occupied about the statue,† while the most of them, holding wooden clubs, stand in the entrance of the temple. Others, who are come to perform their vows, being more than a thousand in number, and having likewise each a wood club, stand in a crowd opposite to the first party. The statue, which is kept in a small chapel of gilt wood, has been removed on the previous day into another abode. The few persons who are left about this statue draw a four-wheeled chariot, in which is the temple and the statue contained in it, while those who stand in the vestibule prevent their entrance. On the other hand, the votaries, coming to the assistance of the god, strike those in the vestibule, and guard themselves against them. Thus arises a stout fight with clubs (l); heads are broken, and, according to my opinion, many die of their wounds, though the Egyptians deny that any one ever died.

LXIV. The inhabitants say that this solemnity was instituted from the following cause:—The mother of Ares lived in this temple; and Ares, who had been brought up apart from her, afterwards, when he had reached manhood, came with the intention of conversing with her. The servants of

his mother, who had not seen him before, would not suffer him to enter, but kept him back. He, however, fetched men from another city, treated the servants severely, and thus effected an entrance.

NOTES.

(a) The city Bubastis stood in the Delta, on the east bank of the Pelusiac branch, on the spot now called Tell Bustah.

(b) The Egyptian deity Bubastis signifying the moon as she begins to increase, is the "Artemis" here intended.

(c) The Busiris here meant (for there were four others) stood in the middle of the Delta, on the spot now called Boussir and Aboussir.

(d) Observe this manifest identification of the Greek Demeter with the Egyptian Ceres.

(e) Saïs was in the Lower Delta, to the east of the Canopic branch of the Nile, on the site of the present village of Ssa, or Ssa Hadjar.

(f) Buto stood on the west bank of the Sebennytic branch of the Nile, near the Butic Lake.

(g) Leto (Latona), according to Creuzer, symbolised the primitive darkness, whence all things took their origin, and, first of all, the Sun and Moon.

(h) Pampremis stood on the western side of the Delta.

(i) This festival was to bewail Osiris, whose limbs, according to the fable, after he had been slain by Typhon, were collected by Isis, put into a wooden box, covered with byssa, and buried at Busiris. It is Osiris whom Herodotus deems it unlawful to name here.

(k) Larcher calls attention to the similarity between this festival and the Chinese "feast of lanterns."

(l) According to Creuzer, this symbolises an Egyptian doctrine. Ares (Mars) is the God of Nature, containing the seeds of all things, and his mother is the earth. The words of the fable given by Herodotus, are capable of a more and a less decorous interpretation. We have given the former, but believe the latter to be correct. The Greek fable of Mars and Venus is supposed by Creuzer to be a perversion of this tale of Mars and his mother.

(To be continued.)

* * Winckelmann's *History of Art* will be continued next week.

SONNET.

NO. CCL.

THIS earth—this earth is but a loveless thing;
The heart that for her with affection burns,
While she flatters; then she coldly spurns,
When in full faith 'twould to her bosom cling,
And at her feet in hot devotion fling
Treasures of love. 'Tis thus the poor heart learns
How small, how transient is the prize it earns,
When e'en itself for sacrifice 'twould bring;
And finds the images earth rears to charm
The willing sense, are pregnant, every one,
With the unvaried spirit of decay.
So that it scarcely feels its pulses warm,
Through some bright object which it gazes on,
Than it must feel that object melt away. N. D.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

(From the Times.)

THE whole amount expended in the vocal department was, in 1848, 33,319*l.*; in 1849, 25,644*l.*

In the ballet accounts, the two Bretin received, in 1848, 967*l.* Lucile Grahn, in 1848, 1,120*l.*; in 1849, 1,000*l.* The two Casati, in 1848 and 1849, more than 1,000*l.* Marmet, in 1848, 650*l.* Silvan, in the same year, 450*l.*

The whole expenditure in the ballet department amounted, in 1848, to 8,105*l.*; in 1849, to 2,526*l.*

The orchestra department shows an expenditure of 10,048*l.* in 1848, and of 7,898*l.* in 1849.

Advertisements cost in 1848, 2,376*l.*; in 1849, 1,233*l.* Bills of the performance in 1848, 214*l.*; in 1849, 78*l.* Carpenters' work amounted, in 1848, to 1,858*l.*; in 1849, to 885*l.* Gas and gas men, in 1848, 1,927*l.*; in 1849, 1,393*l.*

* Say "castanets."

† I.e. of Mars.

Properties cost, in 1848, 1,920*l.*; in 1849, 1,171*l.* Hair-dressers, in 1848, 100*l.*; in 1849, 66*l.* Printing, in 1848, 982*l.*; in 1849, 1,022*l.* Police-constables, in 1848, 166*l.*; in 1849, 88*l.* Scene painting, in 1848, 1,199*l.*; in 1849, 839*l.* Wardrobes, in 1848, 3,100*l.*; in 1849, 1,500*l.*

The manager had a salary of 1,200*l.*, the treasury of 300*l.*, the secretary of 250*l.*, the superintendent of advertising 149*l.*, box-office 219*l.*; engaging artistes (under the head of salaries), 525*l.* in 1848, and 303*l.* in 1849.

The fitting up of the Royal box cost 219*l.*; the law expenses amount to 2,100*l.*; fireworks, 27*l.*

The subscriptions to the Opera-house in 1848 amounted to 21,253*l.*; in 1849, to 13,195*l.* The whole receipts were—in 1848, 20,907*l.*; in 1849, 14,791*l.* There were other receipts from the cloak-room, saloon, &c., which made the aggregate sum received in 1848, 44,008*l.*; in 1849, 29,407*l.*

The whole expenditure was, in 1848, 78,765*l.*; in 1849, 54,862*l.*—thus showing a loss in the former year of 34,756*l.*, in the latter of 25,455*l.*

In the "Opera Account," artistes' salaries are stated, 1848 and 1849:—Madlle. Alboni, 1848, 4,000*l.* Madlle. Angri, 1849, 2,500*l.* Madame Castellan, 1848, 1,728*l.* Madlle. Corbari, 1848, 432*l.*; 1849, 480*l.* Dorus Gras, 1849, 1,500*l.*; Catherine Hayes, 1849, 1,300*l.* De Meric, 1849, 500*l.*; Grisi, in 1848, 3,106*l.*; in 1849, 2,800*l.* Persiani, in 1848, 640*l.*; in 1849, 500*l.* Ronconi, in 1848, 480*l.*; in 1849, 480*l.* Steffanoni, in 1848, 600*l.* Viardot, in 1848, 4,000*l.*; in 1849, for two months, 1,213*l.* Signor Corradi had in 1848, 880*l.* Mario, in the same year, 2,235*l.*; and in 1849, 2,720*l.* Roger, in 1848, 2,110*l.* Ronconi, in 1848, 1,120*l.*; in 1849, 1,120*l.* Salvi, in 1848, 1520; in 1849, 1,040*l.* Tamburini, in 1848, 1,700*l.*; in 1849, the same sum.

THE BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Birmingham, Sept. 4.

ON Tuesday morning the streets leading to and contiguous to the Town Hall were lined on both sides with crowds of idlers, anxious to obtain a glance at the artists, or at the distinguished persons who honoured the festival with their presence. The day began with fine weather, and all the way up New Street the windows were filled with spectators, assembled for the same purpose, and apparently quite as much absorbed in the proceedings as those who were moving slowly along in a multitude of carriages and "cars," provided with the necessary means of admission. The police regulations had been well considered; a different route to and from the hall was indicated, and though there was some delay, there was little inconvenience to the visitors.

As it was fresh in the memory of every one that *Elijah* was composed expressly by Mendelssohn for this festival, as also its triumphant reception in 1846—since when it has made the tour of musical England, attracting everywhere as much attention as the *Messiah* itself—it was a very judicious step to announce it for the first day, which is generally the weakest of the meeting. On our entry the hall was already nearly full, and the Patrons' Gallery, covered with ladies elegantly dressed, had a brilliant effect. The immense orchestra, too, filled to the extremities with the choral and instrumental executants, backed by the gigantic organ, the top of which nearly reaches the roof of the building, presented the usual imposing and exciting appearance. Not the least interesting object was a marble bust of Mendelssohn, which stood upon a pedestal in front of the orchestra, immediately underneath the

conductor's chair. All eyes were naturally attracted to this specimen of Birmingham sculpture, which, as a work of art, is highly creditable to Mr. Hollins, the artist (a native of the town), but, excepting the profile, does not bear a very strong resemblance to the immortal musician whose expressive and intellectual countenance, by the way, has never been faithfully rendered, either by painter or sculptor.

As applause is prohibited at the morning performances by a wholesome regulation recently adopted, the execution of the oratorio was uninterrupted by any manifestations of approval, except when Lord Guernsey, the president, exercised his privilege of demanding a repeat of any particular *morceau*, which occurred five times during the morning. When Mr. Costa came into the orchestra, however, restrictions were set aside, and he was greeted with that enthusiastic welcome, from both public and performers, which was nothing less than his due. On his entry the national anthem was immediately begun, the whole assembly standing, Madame Castellan singing the first verse in excellent English. Herr Pischek, to whom the music of *Elijah* was entrusted, then rose, and commenced the oratorio with the prophecy of three years' dearth, which he delivered in a style suitable to its impressive and solemn character. The instrumental movement, or overture, which follows, describing the despair of the people at this terrible affliction, was executed in such a manner as to prove beyond a question that the band of nearly 140 performers was the most powerful and efficient ever assembled together at any of the English festivals. The tempo was admirably indicated by M. Costa, the crescendo was managed with the happiest effect, and the climax, up to the grand chorus in D minor, "Help, Lord! wilt thou quite destroy us?" into which the overture leads, expressed with a force and decision that we have rarely heard equalled. In the second part of the chorus, the beautiful phrase, "The harvest is over, the summer days are gone," which is given out by the tenor voices, and answered by the soprano, at once showed the power and training of these departments of the choir, while the altos and basses soon had occasion to declare themselves equal in number and capability. The chorus was evidently quite as good in its way as the band. We believe, except about 150 from London, the members entirely belong to Birmingham, Manchester, and some of the adjacent towns. In the choral recitative, "The deeps afford no water," the soprano voices again distinguished themselves by the forcible manner in which they gave the passage, "The infant children ask for bread, and there is no one breaketh it to feed them!" in which Mendelssohn has so graphically expressed the feeling of utter helplessness engendered by the prophet's curse. The plaintive duet in A minor, "Zion spreadeth her hands for aid," was charmingly sung by the Misses Williams; and the exclamation of the crowd, "Lord, bow down thine ear to our prayer," which is so ingeniously dispersed among the various departments of the choir, and continually accompanies the two principal voices, on accented and unaccented parts of the phrase, always affording surprise by the unexpected manner in which it is introduced, was rendered with invariable decision and delicacy, never overpowering the duet, though ever enriching the combination. Mr. Sims Reeves sang the air of the prophet Obadiah, "If, with all your hearts," and the recitative that precedes it, with the truest devotional feeling. Not a fault could be found with his reading, unless it was the occasional prolongation of unimportant and unaccented notes, which retarded the natural flow of the melody without any compensating effect. We may here state at once that all the recitatives entrusted to Mr. Reeves were admirably given, and that wherever he was concerned in the *morceaux d'ensemble*,

his musician-like skill, to say nothing of the power and rich quality of his voice, were found of the highest advantage.

The remainder of the first part of the oratorio, up to the grand final chorus in E flat, "Thanks be to God," about which we have not time to enter into further details, was equally well executed. The effect of this overpowering burst of choral harmony, and of the romantic pæans of the Baalite priests, at the hands of such a vocal and instrumental phalanx, made doubly zealous and efficient by the confidence inspired by Mr. Costa's steady and vigorous *baton*, may be easily imagined. We have heard nothing to surpass, and few things to rival it. Equally to be praised were the subdued delicacy and variety of colouring imparted to the lovely chorus of angels, "Blessed are the men who fear Him," the theme of which, while preserving the softest piano, was uttered with a decision that made head firmly against the florid and undulating passages allotted to the violoncellos in the accompaniment. In the chorus of E minor, "The fire descends from Heaven," the celebrated *pianissimo* which occurs upon the words, "Before Him upon your faces fall," was most successfully obtained, and the solemn *corale* which follows, "The Lord is God, O Israel hear," with its bold diatonic harmonies, was sung exquisitely in tune. As examples of perfect execution among the concerted pieces, we may cite the double quartet, "For He shall give His angels charge over thee," by Miss A. Williams, Madlle. Jetty de Treffz, Miss Stevens, Miss M. Williams, Messrs. Sims Reeves, T. Williams, Pischek, and Machin; and the quartet, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord," by the Misses Williams, Messrs. Sims Reeves and Machin.

Madame Castellan, whose voice is as fresh and as strong as ever, and whose pronunciation of the English language is greatly improved, did full justice to the music of the principal soprano part. In the duet with Elijah, where the prophet restores the widow's son to life, she sang with great feeling, and displayed the utmost pathos in the opening air, "Help me, man of God." Herr Pischek has also made great progress in the pronunciation of English, which manifested itself in the clear and emphatic style with which he declaimed the recitatives that form so large a portion of *Elijah's* music. In fervor of expression and real musical feeling, this celebrated basso has few superiors, and nothing could exceed the energy and passion which he infused into the magnificent air, "Is not His word like a fire?" The recitations of the boy, whom Elijah sends to the seashore to look for rain, were given by Miss A. Williams with faultless accuracy.

We must be brief in our notice of the second part, of which we may at once say the execution was quite as satisfactory as the first, not a single error or feeble point demanding notice. We must mention some of the most remarkable pieces. From the choruses we may select the bold and animated "Be not afraid," which brought out the full resources of band and choir with immense effect; the soothing and melodious chorus of angels, "He watcheth over Israel," in which we had again to observe the happy disposition of light and shade, and the skilful management of the *pianissimo* phrases; the beautiful little chorus in F, "He that shall endure to the end shall be saved," which, though one of the most masterly pieces of writing in the *Elijah*, too often passes unnoticed; "Behold the Lord God passes by," the powerful and dramatic character of which was, perhaps, never so grandly and broadly expressed; and the two concluding choruses, "But the Lord from the north," and "Lord, our Creator," which, as noble examples of choral harmony, are worthy to be placed by the side of anything else. In the last occurs the only attempt at fugal writing that Mendelssohn has introduced in the oratorio.

Among the songs must be mentioned the opening air, "Hear, ye Israel," beautifully sung by Madame Castellan; the two airs of Elijah, "It is enough," and "For the mountains shall depart," which, though entirely opposite in character, were equally well delivered by Herr Pischek; and "O rest in the Lord," which Miss Martha Williams sang precisely as it ought to be sung, imparting to it that quiet repose best fitted to its character. The emphasis and feeling with which Miss M. Williams delivered the recitatives in the grand dramatic scene, where Jezebel arraigns Elijah before the people, was also worthy unqualified praise. But the most interesting vocal essay in the second part, and perhaps in the whole performance, was the tenor air, "Then shall the righteous shine forth," which was entrusted to Signor Mario, who for the first time, we believe, attempted to sing in English. A more completely successful *début* was never accomplished. It is no novelty to say that Signor Mario possesses the most beautiful tenor voice of the day; perhaps the most beautiful that has been heard in our time; but the distinct and intelligible manner in which he pronounced the words surprised every one, while his exquisite reading of the melody must have delighted the most zealous of Mendelssohn's admirers. But for a very unimportant alteration of the concluding cadence, which merely served to show that Signor Mario possessed a high A flat of rich quality and immense power (which was well known before), the performance would have been in all respects faultless, and more than worthy of the sensation it excited. We hope some day to hear the accomplished Italian attempt the whole of the tenor music in *Elijah*, and we may safely predicate that his success would be as great in proportion as in the solitary air which he essayed this morning.

We have only time to add, that the encores of Lord Guernsey, the president, were demanded in favor of the unaccompanied trio, "Lift thine eyes to the mountains" (admirably sung by Miss A. Williams, Miss Stevens, and Miss M. Williams); the chorus, "He watcheth over Israel;" the air, "O rest in the Lord" (Miss M. Williams); the air, "Then shall the righteous" (Signor Mario); and the quartet in B flat, "O come every one that thirsteth" (the Misses Williams, Messrs. Sims Reeves and Machin), one of the gems of the oratorio, which we remember was re-demanded by Lord Wrottesley, who was president at the festival of 1846, when *Elijah* was first produced, under Mendelssohn's direction.

To conclude, the performance of Mendelssohn's masterpiece has realized all the expectations of the benefits to be derived from Mr. Costa's appointment to the conductorship of the festival, and may be justly considered the greatest and most legitimate success hitherto achieved by the popular and talented *chef d'orchestre*.

The pecuniary results of this performance appear to have been most satisfactory. The president's and vice-presidents' tickets have realized 239l. 8s.; the sale of miscellaneous tickets, 1,100l. 8s.; and donations, 459l. 17s. 2d. Total, 1,799l. 13s. 2d. The number of persons present was 1,496, of whom the president and vice-presidents made 228.

The first grand miscellaneous concert took place on Tuesday evening. The hall, in spite of the unfavourable state of the weather, was better attended than is usual so early in the festival, which is the more remarkable since there are to be three evening concerts instead of two, as has hitherto been the custom. The branch candelabra or gaseliers with which the building is lighted up are scarcely numerous enough for so vast an edifice, and though the effect is certainly very impos-

ing, it is not so brilliant as at the Philharmonic Concert Hall of Liverpool. On the other hand, however, the heat is far less intolerable than in the other place, which may be regarded as an adequate compensation.

The programme of the evening's concert offered many attractions, and, had the performance terminated at 11 instead of at midnight, would have been unexceptionable. The majority of the audience, nevertheless, seemed to court prolixity; and, regardless of the fatigue entailed upon the artists, and their own subsequent ennui, the inevitable consequence of a musical surfeit, were perplexingly lavish of encores, and thus needlessly spun out a programme already sufficiently tedious. We forgave them willingly, however, since the decorous attention with which they listened to Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, plainly demonstrated their capability to appreciate and enjoy the highest and most intellectual order of music; and this was quite enough to put in the balance against their curiosity about popular singers, whom as they rarely hear, they are naturally anxious to make the best of the few occasions that present themselves, and hear as much as possible in a given space of time. Thus, may be readily explained the mania for encoring everything, which is the characteristic of all provincial audiences. Beethoven's symphony began the performances of the evening, and was played in a style quite worthy of its transcendent merits; higher praise than which could not be conferred upon Mr. Costa and his admirable orchestra, to whom this great work is so familiar. The end of each movement was followed by a loud and general burst of applause. The symphony over, the appearance of Madame Sontag was looked forward to with eager and general expectation. This did not prevent, however, the clever Madlle. de Meric from obtaining much deserved applause in the romance of Seyton, from *Anna Bolena*, "Deh non voler;" nor Madlle. Jetty de Treffz and Herr Pischek from being rewarded with general tokens of pleasure for the very effective manner in which they sang Spohr's beautiful duet, "Segui, oh cara," from *Faust*; nor Signor Mario from being rapturously encored in the graceful air "Bell adorata," from Mercadante's *Il Giuramento*, which he sang to perfection.

Madame Sontag was welcomed with acclamations, and at once satisfied her hearers in the popular duet from *Linda di Chamouni*, "Da quel di," that report had said nothing too much in her favour, that her voice had retained the quality and freshness of former years, her execution its brilliancy, and her style its fervour and unaffected expression. Madame Sontag was ably supported by Signor Calzolari, her colleague at Her Majesty's Theatre, whose talent and artistic pretensions are well known. The duet was unanimously encored, and the *cabaletta* repeated with increased effect. Rode's air, with variations, and the final variation in arpeggios, especially, created the same *furor* as in London. The applause was unanimous, and in response to the encore the variation in question was repeated. The reception accorded to Signor Lablache was equally flattering. The great basso had to wait several minutes before the tumult subsided. He sang his popular aria from *Cenerentola*, "Miei rampolli femminini," with undiminished spirit and humour. One of the classical features of the first part of the concert was the fine trio, "Night's lingering shades," from Spohr's *Azor and Zemira*. This was beautifully sung by Madlle. Jetty de Treffz and the Misses Williams.

Among the other vocal *moreaux* of the first part were a pretty serenade from Weber's *Euryanthe*, "When the orb of day," for which the graceful singing of Mr. Sims Reeves obtained an encore, and "Casta Diva," from *Norma*, vocalised with great brilliancy by Miss Catherine Hayes. A quartet by Mr. Costa, "Ecco quel fiero istante," sung by Madame

Castellan, Madlle. de Meric, Signor Mario, and Signor F. Lablache, was much and deservedly applauded. It is in the key of A flat, and is written in the form of a round, each voice taking up the theme in succession until the *coda*, when it is sung by the four in full harmony. The melody is elegant and flowing, and the manner in which the voices are combined indicates a practised hand. The instrumentation, in which a harp *obligato* (well played by Mr. Trust) is effectively employed, is rich and clear.

There were two instrumental solos. In the first part, M. Sainton played his fantasia on themes from *Lucrezia Borgia*, on the violin, in masterly style, exhibiting a breadth of tone and a vigour and brilliancy of execution that left nothing to be desired. A variation, introducing a profusion of harmonic notes, excited general admiration. In the second part M. Thalberg created the *furor* that rarely fails to accompany his performances by his superb execution of the fantasia in *Son-nambula*, one of those compositions in which his astonishing command of the pianoforte is most strikingly displayed. The wonder elicited by the great pianist's mechanical dexterity, however, was not more general than the delight with which he was listened to in the prayer of Amina, which he expressed with the utmost feeling and exquisite delicacy of tone. M. Thalberg's performance was encored, but he discreetly contented himself with bowing to the audience. The overture to *Oberon*, played with immense fire by the band, opened the second part, and was encored with acclamations. Madame Castellan followed the overture with the "Ah non giunge," which she vocalised with great freedom and energy; this was also encored. A comic duet for the two Lablaches, "Qui fra voi," from Mercadante's *Elisa e Claudio*; Bishop's glee, "Blow gentle gales," for the Misses Williams, Messrs. Sims Reeves, T. Williams, and Machin; the air, "Du die mit holder," from *Zampa*, by Herr Pischek; Wallace's graceful duet, "If love should dare," by the Misses Williams; "Come è gentil," by Mario and chorus; and last, not least, the gay and sparkling "Alter Lieben-lied" of Kücken, by Madlle. Jetty de Treffz, were all well received, and the last by general desire repeated; although near midnight the audience would not hear of a denial. The concert terminated with Rossini's *Carita* chorus, in which all the principals took part.

The number of persons present were 715, of whom 72 were president and vice-presidents. The receipts were £75 12s., president and vice-presidents' tickets; £397 11s., miscellaneous tickets—in all, £473 3s.

Mendelssohn's music to Racine's drama of *Athalie* was given on Wednesday, under the somewhat questionable title of a sacred oratorio. We presume this designation was adopted as a plea for its constituting the grand feature of one of the morning performances. No such excuse, however, was required; the merits of the work, and the name of Mendelssohn, were sufficient to guarantee the introduction of *Athalie* on any occasion. The execution was first-rate, equal in every respect to that of the *Elijah* yesterday, and its success was quite as triumphant. As the music in *Athalie* was never before heard in Birmingham, this morning's performance must be regarded as the great event of the present festival.

Mr. Bartley recited the poetical version of Mr. Bartholomew with his usual emphasis and clearness. His declamation was forcible and well modulated; his voice told well, every word he uttered being distinctly heard at the furthest extremity of the hall. The overture was magnificently played. No orchestral composition of Mendelssohn is more full of character, more grand in design, or instrumented with greater brilliancy, than

this superb prelude, which received every justice at the hands of the splendid band under Mr. Costa's direction. The time was taken admirably, quite as rapidly as Mendelssohn intended, whereby increased effect was given to the passionate phrases for the stringed instruments which form part of the development of the principal theme. The *coda* brought out the combined strength of the entire orchestra with striking effect. After such an execution it was easy to understand that Mendelssohn preferred this overture to any other he had written. We may mention, as the only point open to objection, that the number of harps in the orchestra was four instead of ten, so that in the *fortissimo* passages they were not heard. As the music of *Athaliah* can be performed at Birmingham very seldom (once in three years, indeed), the additional expense of six additional harps, for once in a way, need not have frightened the managers of this great festival. There was no fault to find with the manner in which the choruses were rendered. Whether in the sublime hymn, "O Sinai," where the male voices sing the theme in unison; or in the majestic choral recitatives, where the people speculate on the mission and identity of Eliacin (Joas); or the soft responses in the duet for sopranos, "Ever blessed child," and in the trio for sopranos and contraltos, "Hearts feel that love thee;" or the magnificent *corale*, "The just alone shall bow;" or the hymn of the Levites, "Lord, let us hear thy voice," one of the purest examples of eight-part harmony that the art possesses; or in the passionate lament of the Jewish women, "Promised joys, menaced woes;" or in the powerful illustration of faith combatting against unbelief, "O Zion! thou art doomed," where the two choirs alternately answer and mix with each other; or in the graphic and dramatic "Depart, depart!" where the people urge the sons of Aaron on to battle; or in the glorious and encouraging *pæan* with which this noble inspiration begins and ends, "Heaven and the earth display His grandeur is unbounded," the chorus was equally admirable, displaying vigour and delicacy, when either was required, with equal readiness. The gorgeous war march of the priests gave the band an occasion for distinction, of which they availed themselves with zeal, and perhaps so grand and perfect a display of instrumental execution was never heard before in this country. The doubling of the trumpets and other brass instruments, essential to fill so vast an area, was judicious, and in consonance with Mendelssohn's intention. Mr. Costa gave the time of the march with the gravity suitable to its sacred character, and thereby separated it from the theatrical character of its fellow masterpiece (to which it has been absurdly compared), the wedding march in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

The very arduous and difficult music entrusted to the principal female voices was, without exception, rendered with great ability by Misses A. and M. Williams and Miss Stevens. The gentle and melodious trio, "Hearts feel that love thee," was sung to perfection by the three young ladies. The sensation created by the music in *Athaliah*, thus satisfactorily executed, is without parallel in Birmingham since the first performance of *Elijah* in 1846. Lord Guernsey, the president, commanded three of the pieces to be repeated:—the trio, "Hearts feel that love thee," "The war march of the priests," and the chorus, "Depart, depart!"

After the *Athaliah*, Dr. Wesley, the most justly celebrated performer of the present day, played a solo on the great organ of the hall. Dr. Wesley began with a very long *fantasia*, the plan of which we cannot pretend to define after a single hearing. In the course of the *fantasia* almost every effect of which the resources of this enormous instrument are capable

was developed by the learned musician with masterly skill. But by far the most interesting part of his performance was the extemporaneous *fugue* with which it terminated. A more ingenious and extraordinary improvisation we never listened to. Dr. Wesley chose an unusually short theme, as though resolved to show how easily he could set contrapuntal difficulties at defiance. After working this with remarkable clearness, he introduced a second subject, which he soon brought in conjunction with the first, and subsequently a third; ultimately combining the three, in the *stretto* of the *fugue*, with the facility of a profound and accomplished master. Dr. Wesley's performance was greeted with uproarious applause, and, while he was playing, it was interesting to observe the members of the orchestra and chorus crowding round the organ, anxious to obtain a view of his fingers or his feet, with which he manages the ponderous pedals with such wonderful dexterity.

Of the miscellaneous selection which followed we can merely give the items. Miss Hayes sang "Angels ever bright and fair;" Herr Fischek, "Sanctum et terribile," an air of Pergolesi; Madlle. de Meric, "O salutaris hostia," of Cherubini; Miss Hayes and Signor Mario the duet, "Qual assalto," from Rossini's *Mosé in Egitto*; Madame Sontag, "With verdure clad;" Mr. Reeves, "Deeper and deeper still;" and Madlle. Jetty de Treflz the air, "Jerusalem," from Mendelssohn's *Paulus*. The full pieces were a quartet of Mozart, "Ave verum," for Madlle. Jetty de Treflz, Madlle. de Meric, Signor Mario, and Mr. Machin; a sestet of Haydn, "Et incarnatus," for the same four artists, with Miss Hayes and Signor Lablache; and three choruses—"Righteous Heaven," from Handel's *Susanna*; the *corale*, "Sleepers, awake!" from *Paulus*; and "Glory to God," from Handel's *Joshua*, preceded by the recitative, sung by Mr. Reeves, and the "March of the Ark," powerfully scored for the occasion by Mr. Costa. The artists exerted themselves zealously, and the performance gave general satisfaction. The President demanded a repeat of Madame Sontag's air, but for some reason with which we are unacquainted the lady failed to comply.

The number present was 847. The receipts were—£100 16s. president's tickets; miscellaneous tickets, £605 17s.; donations, £53 10s. 2d.; total, £760 3s. 2d. The total receipts of the first three performances are £3032 19s. 4d.

The festival reached its meridian on Wednesday. Perhaps on no former occasion has Birmingham been the scene of such general excitement, or the centre of attraction to so many strangers. So many foreigners were, perhaps, never before gathered together in one of our great commercial towns. Many of these came from Manchester, Liverpool, and London, but not a few from abroad; for the Birmingham festival—thanks to *Elijah* and to Mendelssohn—has acquired a European celebrity. The hotels must have reaped a goodly harvest, and nothing but the really first-rate attractions of the festival could induce visitors to pay the exorbitant prices demanded. The policy of levying such heavy tolls upon strangers is questionable, if the Birmingham hotel-keepers share the general interest felt by the inhabitants towards the object of the triennial meeting—that of assisting the funds of the General Hospital; if they do not, however, we cannot blame them for making hay while the sun shines, although it be, which we can scarcely doubt, to the serious detriment of festivals to come.

The hall presented a brilliant appearance, on Wednesday night, at the second grand miscellaneous concert. The attendance was, as we had anticipated, a bumper. To say nothing of the many other attractions of the programme, the impression

made by Madame Sontag at the previous concert, and the first appearance of the universally popular Alboni, had, doubtless, each a weighty influence in tempting the crowds that flocked to the performance. At eight o'clock precisely, Mr. Costa made his appearance in the orchestra, and was loudly cheered. The concert began with the Third Symphony of Mendelssohn—that in A minor. There is nothing new to be said of this great work, which has long ago exhausted praise, and set the criticism of frigid pedantry at defiance. Mendelssohn is not the only illustrious musician whose reputation has had for a time to battle against the sneers of mechanical dulness, and the bluster of ignorant commonplace. Beethoven before him, and Mozart still earlier, were compelled to undergo the ceremony of a like ordeal, until the lustre of their genius had shed a new light upon the art, by which all who had eyes to see could see and understand. Their fame is now out of the reach of cavil. The rapidly increasing popularity of Mendelssohn indicates that a similar result is at hand in his favour. His works are not for a few, as some, who know them superficially (if, indeed, at all), would insinuate. The very subjects he has treated, to say nothing of the universality of his talent, which excelled in every style, help us to this deduction, and it is surely no proof to the contrary that his deeply-cultured mind and profound knowledge of all the resources of his art entitle him to the unanimous admiration of musicians and accomplished amateurs. The execution of the symphony, under Mr. Costa's direction, brought out the qualities and strength of the band in a highly advantageous manner, and to the lover of music it was one of the most interesting events of the festival. In addition to the general excellence of the performance, we have to record the delicacy and precision with which all the obligato points of the score were accomplished. The fine tone and intensity of the violins in the opening andante, the rich cantabile of the violoncellos in the *reprise* of the theme of the first allegro, the points for the clarinet and bassoon (Lazarus and Baumann) in the playful and fantastic scherzo, the exquisite singing of the violins and violoncellos in the andante, the perplexing passage for flute and oboe (Ribas and Barret) leading to the fugue in the *Allegro Guerriero*, the fire and impetuosity imparted to the whole of that remarkable movement, and the magnificent *ensemble* of the hymn of thanksgiving with which the symphony so nobly concludes, were such as we have rarely heard, even in London, and were, one and all, worthy of unqualified praise. Long as is the work, it was listened to throughout with attention and interest. The other two orchestral performances, Beethoven's splendid overture to *Leonora*, and the sparkling wedding march from Mendelssohn's music in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, were not less excellent in their way, and gave a happy relief to the prodigious quantity of vocal music, which, with those eternal encores, protracted the duration of the concert to the unprecedented hour of half-past midnight.

Madame Sontag confirmed the impression produced on the previous night. Her appearance, accompanied by her great comrade, Lablache, was the signal for loud plaudits from every part of the hall, and the lively duet, "Signorina," from *Don Pasquale*, sung by both of the accomplished artists with genuine humour, and with a studied combination of dramatic effect, met with an encore which was not to be denied. The last movement of the duet, where Norina banters Don Pasquale, was consequently repeated. Made. Sontag's next performance was the well-known cavatina from *Linda di Chamouni*, "O Luce di quest' Anima." How brilliantly she vocalises the *cabaletta*, and how gracefully she adorns the *largo*, with *fioriture*

and *cadenzas* perfectly in keeping, need not here be told. The result was another unanimous call for repetition, in response to which Madame Sontag gave the popular *air varié* of Rode. The arpeggio variation created the usual enthusiasm.

Madlle. Alboni's appearance was, of course, the great event in the evening's proceedings, and the first strains of the popular and exhilarating "Brindisi" renewed the plaudits that welcomed the splendid contralto with the heartiest enthusiasm. The "Brindisi," as sung by Alboni, needs no description, and it is almost superfluous to add that it was unanimously encored. We must, however, question the policy of those who made out the programme in placing Alboni down for this sparkling *bagatelle* so early in the concert, and giving her nothing else but a duet and trio to sing all the rest of the evening. A great name and a superb talent are of small value unless advantageous use be made of them. A feature of general interest in the programme was a grand chorus, interspersed with solos, "L'invocazione all Armonia," the composition of His Royal Highness Prince Albert. The subject of this piece may be gathered from the title. The music is highly creditable to the illustrious amateur. The chorus in C major, which forms the burden of the *morceaux*, is rhythmical and animated, and the solos are melodious and effectively written for the voices. The instrumentation, though occasionally somewhat obstreperous, is generally clear and brilliant. The execution was admirable, and the encore unanimous. Madame Castellan, Madlle. de Meric, Mario, and Lablache, sung the solo voice parts with great care and effect! Another novelty worthy special notice was a vocal trio in A flat, "Vanne a colei che adora," composed by Mr. Costa. Like the quartet, of which we have just spoken, this is written in the form of a round, and a harp obligato (again devolving upon Mr. Trust) is a distinguishing feature in the accompaniment. The melody is exceedingly graceful, and the voicing highly finished. The only fault we can name in the trio, which is quite a gem in its way, is its brevity—a by no means unwelcome characteristic in so lengthy a concert. The merits of the composition, and the faultless performance of Madame Castellan, Signor Mario, and Mr. Sims Reeves, obtained for it one of the most genuine encores of the evening. Two of the vocal performances that demand mention were the tenor air, "Through the forest," and the grand scena, "Softly sighs," from *Der Freischütz*. Into the first Mr. Sims Reeves threw all the dramatic fervour for which his talent is distinguished, and made a highly favourable impression; in the last Miss Catherine Hayes exhibited a great deal of musical refinement, and vocalised the concluding allegro with great energy and brilliancy. Nor must the melodious and simple aria from *Figaro*, "Ah non tardar," sung by Madlle. Jetty de Treff, pass unnoticed. There is something peculiarly unaffected in the style of this charming singer, which is well suited to such a gentle inspiration. Moreover, the scrupulous fidelity with which, amidst all the requisite variety of expression, Madlle. de Treff adhered to the text of the composer merits especial commendation. There was a refinement about the whole which made it one of the decided points of the concert. The accompaniments, by the way, were played with unusual delicacy by the band. Mario, who was in splendid voice, sang the grand air from the *Prophète*, which belongs to the *finale* of the second act, and the popular romance, "Ange si pur," from the *Favonrite*, with the greatest enthusiasm. Signor Calzolari sang "Il mio tesoro" in a highly musician-like manner, and Mr. Machin was deservedly applauded in the fine song from Spohr's *Jessonda*, "Amid the battle raging." The duets were "Lasciami," from *Tancredi*, by Madame Cas-

tellan and Madlle. de Meric; "Capricci," from *L'Italiana*, by Alboni and Lablache; the "Swiss maidens," of Holmes, by the Misses Williams; and last, not least, the "Un segreto," from *Cenerentola*, by the two Lablaches. The only full piece of importance was the sextet "Sola, sola," from the *Don Giovanni*, which was executed in the first-rate style, Madame Castellán, Miss Stevens, Madlle. Jetty de Treffz, Signors Mario, Lablache, and F. Lablache taking the solos. There was also the popular trio from *Il Matrimonio*, "Le faccio un inchino," which was sung by Castellán, Jetty de Treffz, and Alboni, at exactly a quarter past midnight! We felt for the artists, and so apparently did the audience, who made no attempt to enforce the encore to which this *morceau* has been so long accustomed.

There were two solo instrumental performances: a fantasia on "God save the Emperor," on the organ, composed and performed by Mr. Edmund Chipp, and Thalberg's *Masaniello* fantasia, played by himself. Mr. Chipp exhibited more than common ability both in his composition and execution; the variations are effective, the last especially, which enabled the young musician to show a powerful command of the pedals. He was much and deservedly applauded. Thalberg created the same *furor* as on the preceding night.

There were no less than 2112 persons present, among whom were 145 vice-presidents. The receipts were £108 15s. President's tickets, and £1,259 13s. miscellaneous; total, £1,368 8s.—something enormous for an evening concert.

The performance of Handel's *Messiah* on Thursday was, take it all in all, the finest we ever listened to. It is unnecessary to enter into details about this master-piece, which is familiar to all the world. Suffice it that the principal vocalists were Madame Sontag, Madame Castellán, Miss Catherine Hayes, the Misses A. and M. Williams, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Machin, and Herr Pischek, who all exerted themselves with the utmost zeal and ability. The President demanded a repetition of the beautiful pastoral melody, "He shall feed his flock," the first words of which, for contralto, was sung by Miss M. Williams; and the second, for soprano, by Madame Sontag. The whole was repeated. Herr Pischek, in the principal bass songs, confirmed the good impression created by his Elijah. Madame Castellán sang the beautiful air, "Thou didst not leave," with becoming simplicity of manner. There was no other novelty in the disposition of the vocal solos. Of the choruses, which were all splendidly executed, the President redemanded "All we like sheep," and "Their sound is gone out." No one could dispute the noble lord's discrimination, but some surprise was expressed that neither "Unto us a child is born," nor the "Hallelujah," were asked for again, especially as they were so magnificently rendered. Perhaps the finest performance of all, however, was the final chorus, "Amen." The fugue was led off by the first violins, answered by the second with immense effect, and the choral and instrumental *ensemble* in the gradual working up of the climax was overpoweringly grand.

The hall was crowded to suffocation. There were 2,433 persons present, of whom 283 were president and vice-presidents. The receipts were—297l. 3s. president's tickets; 1,916l. 15s. 6d. miscellaneous tickets; 274l. 13s. 8d. donations—total 2,488l. 12s. 2d. Total receipts from the commencement of the festival, 6,889l. 19s. 6d.

It is thought the charity will receive more than at the festival of 1846, when upwards of 5,000l. were handed over to the General Hospital. The last evening concert took place on Thursday night. The grand instrumental pieces were the Symphony in C minor of Beethoven, and the *First Walpurgis Night* of Mendelssohn. Full particulars in our next.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

IN reply to your note, appended to last week's article on "Music at Manchester," we *did* think, and *do still* think, what we then wrote—that Mr. Knowles had engaged "the first talent" in Europe as an experiment, for three nights only, in Italian operas, and that the result was a loss to him of above £500.* It was not meant, or intended to mean, that he had engaged *all* the first talent in Europe; to have done so would have been sheer folly, as not half of the artists in such a case could have had anything to do, however numerous filled with characters an opera had been selected. "Comparisons are odorous," as Mrs. Malaprop says, and besides being odious, as she meant, they are often manifestly unfair and uncalled-for; genius and talent are beyond compare, and ought to be judged and appreciated on their own merits, without seeking by invidious comparison to elevate one artist at the expense of another. Sometimes comparisons are inevitable, from a singer or an actor appearing in some character that has been greatly performed by a predecessor; but we are getting somewhat wearied of the eternal round—"Is Pasta as great as Catalani was?"—"Is Malibran as great as Pasta?"—"Is Jenny Lind superior to Malibran?"—"Is Alboni greater than Jenny Lind?" They were, or are, *all* great, yet each how differently? We are something on this point like the late Hamer Hargreaves, Esq., of this city (founder of the Hargreaves' Choral Society), when Mr. Mitchell brought his Opera Buffo company here, some dozen years ago. Mr. Hargreaves and the writer being present at both performances—the first, the *Elisir d'Amore* of Donizetti; the second, the *Nozze di Figaro* of Mozart—the writer remarked to him what a much greater treat the latter opera was than the former. "Well, I don't know," said Mr. Hargreaves, looking at us through his spectacles, his rubicund face beaming with delight, "I like it all, sir!"

We are sorry to say Mr. Knowles's second series of Italian operas, with Alboni, Corbari, Tagliafico, Bartolini, and Polonini, (a talented, although not so numerous or costly a party as the former one,) turns out even a still greater failure, although the prices of admission were reduced from 10s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. the dress circle; from 7s. 6d. to 5s. the upper; the pit from 5s. to 3s.; and galleries from 2s. 6d. to 1s. Veritably, the Manchester people no longer deserve to have the credit of being musical, or fond of opera. We regret it chiefly because with those who, like ourselves, so seldom visit the metropolis, it would have been a great card to have had down each autumn, if but for a week or so, the magnates from one or both the great operas in London. The house on Saturday, to witness Alboni's first appearance on the Manchester stage, was much thinner in every part than on any of the three Lablache—Sontag nights! *Cenerentola* was the opera, Alboni being well supported in it by Corbari and L. Corbari as the sisters; Bartolini as the Prince; Tagliafico as Dandini; Galli as Alidoro; and Polonini as the Magnifico. The band had lost its London stars, but contained the best of the usual theatrical force here, lead by Mr. Seymour. The chorus, under Mr. Charles F. Anthony, were again good and

* We again ask our Correspondent, who is, or are, the first talent in Europe? Where is Grisi, Viardot, Alboni, Angri, Lind, Persiani, Mario, Tamburini, &c. &c.?

effective, the whole being under the able conductorship of Benedict.

It was the first time we had seen or heard the great contralto—and after reading and hearing so much of her for the last year or two, you may imagine how anxiously and impatiently we passed over the lively overture (indifferently well played by the band), and watched the rising of the curtain which was to discover her as the modest Cinderella, with the bellows at the fire. Her reception was most enthusiastic, and the first notes of her “Una valto c’era un Re,” were evidently eagerly drank in by other ears for the first time besides ours; many a time was she interrupted with *irrestrainable* bursts of applause and exclamations of delight. We were greatly pleased by her earnest yet unobtrusive style all through the first scene with the sisters. The bit that reminds one of the same composer’s similar idea in his “Largo al factotum,” (composed the year previously)—

“Cenerentola vien qua!
Cenerentola va la!
Cenerentola va su!
Cenerentola va giu!”

fell deliciously on the ear in Alboni’s rich deep tones. Polonini bustled through the “Miei rampolli” very well; but his thin person and not powerful voice prevent him from realising the beau-ideal of Don Magnifico; this was especially felt in the concerted music, where depth and volume are required to sustain as it were the other voices. He was very correct and painstaking in all he had to do, and delivered his asinine dream, and his part in the duet with Dandini, with a considerable degree of humour. Alboni, in the next scene, created quite a *furor* when she came to deliver her passage in the duet with Don Ramiro, “Un soave no so che,” beginning, “Io vorrei saper perche;” the audience went wild (and we, ourselves, were as excited as the rest); the duet was absolutely stopped for this passage to be repeated! Tagliafico next made his *début* on the Manchester stage, as Dandini; his high and florid baritone voice suited the part admirably; he gave the “Come un’ ape” with great spirit, and acted the part well throughout: he is a rising and a clever artist. The quintett, “Una parola,” ending with the “Nel volto estatico,” was very finely sung, as was, indeed, the whole of the finale to the first act. The interest of the opera flagged a good deal as it proceeded, which we attribute, in some degree, to whole scenes being cut out, and thus producing a lack of interest or connexion in the plot or story. Not that any music of importance was omitted. The second act was made to open with the “Un segreto,” the finest buffo duet perhaps Rossini ever wrote. It was both sung and acted with great spirit by Tagliafico and Polonini. The staccato sestet, “Questo e un nodo aviluppato,” brought in the two sisters Corbari to great advantage, and Tagliafico delivered his florid passages with great ease and fluency; but in this, as in all the concerted music, Alboni’s voice was heard, like a rich vein of the deepest melody, flowing from her without any apparent effort. The tenor, Bartolini, was not quite equal to the others; he is apparently a young man with a high tenor voice, which at present wants clearness and roundness, and will never, we fear, be very powerful. The last scene we shall never forget; Alboni then entranced all ears and charmed all hearts; every one’s gaze seemed rivetted with wonder on the gifted being whose miraculous voice was poured forth in all its prodigality. What a flood, what a torrent of sweet sounds! What ease and elegance in all her ornaments of *fleur-de-lis*! What fervent expression in the *largo*, “Nacqui al

affano!” What brilliancy in all the extraordinarily florid runs the grand Maestro has written for the cabaletta—the “Non piu mesta!” The enthusiasm of the audience rose to the highest pitch; they encored the *largo*, which was promptly responded to, and richly adorned with new graces Alboni seemed to have at command to a boundless extent. They then encored the *rondo*, which at first Alboni merely curtseyed to, and the curtain fell, but such a hurricane of applause ensued, that immediately up went the curtain again, and the final *rondo* was repeated with all its difficulties yet with the greatest ease. She was again recalled after the final fall of the curtain, as indeed she had been at the close of the first act, and there being a call for Corbari, Alboni kindly came on, bringing both the sisters before the audience; this little mark of kindly feeling was warmly acknowledged by the whole house.

There certainly is no mistake about Alboni being a great singer, quite as great as she has ever been reported in the pages of the *Musical World*; her voice is amazing in its extent of compass and richness of quality. She is a Lablache or a Donzelli in petticoats! We should have been glad to have heard her in some of her great contralto parts, Tancredi or Arsace for instance, it is so very rarely a really first-rate voice can be heard in such characters; and we beg leave to doubt the policy, and differ with you as to the propriety of her undertaking such parts as Maria in *La Figlia*, or Amina in *La Sonnambula*; not but that she can sing the music—she has voice enough and execution enough to sing anything; but her physique is against her appearing to the greatest advantage in these characters, and there are abundance of soprano singers to undertake them, whilst how few there are could approach Alboni in her legitimate roles. Alboni essayed *La Figlia* on Monday night here, we suppose for the first time; the house was thinner in every part than on Saturday. Tagliafico was the Serjeant, but we neither liked him nor Alboni so well as in *Cenerentola*. The whole of the opera was not done; it was cut at the singing lesson, and the second act of *Cenerentola* was repeated to make out the performance. Again Alboni achieved a triumph in “Nacqui al affanno;” again was it encored; again was she recalled and *bouquetted* after the “Non piu mesta.” We shall certainly be fastidious with any other singer as Cenerentola for years to come. Last evening we were not present, but are given to understand from the *Guardian* that Amina does not suit Alboni any better than Maria in *La Figlia*, “although portions of it were of surpassing beauty; the music of the sleep-walking scene, before Amina awakes, was sung with a quiet pathos and tenderness which was exquisitely truthful.” Corbari made a made a most charming Liza, Tagliafico an excellent Count Rodolpho, and the chorus was good. The chorus were remarkably good both in *Cenerentola* and *La Figlia*, and obtained marked applause on both occasions; they are evidently becoming more at home at singing in Italian, and more accustomed to the stage.

We notice a Galli in almost every opera company that comes. Pray, is Galli a common name in Italy, like John Smith in England? or is it one and the same individual that is thus ubiquitous and always ready, like Dai Fiori at the Haymarket, to take any part? We remember some fifteen year ago, or more, a loquacious foreigner to whom we put the question as to a Galli of that day, replied by asking us, did we mean Giacomo Galli, Vincenzo Galli, or Filippo Galli? so it is evident, if there were then three, there must be a numerous offspring!

THE DRAMA AT PLYMOUTH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE theatre has been most fashionably and fully attended during the past week, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean having entered into an engagement with the liberal lessee, Mr. Newcombe. The plays produced on the occasion were, the *Wife's Secret*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, the *Merchant of Venice*, and *Strathmore*; the last being for the benefit of Mr. and Mrs. Kean, and under the patronage of Lord and Lady Morley, when the house was crammed to suffocation. Mr. and Mrs. Kean, than whom no artists can possibly be more justly popular, received a most hearty welcome, and it is almost unnecessary to state played with their usual excellence. The *Wife's Secret* continues to be the most attractive play which has been acted in our theatre for many years, and I hope that the arrangements these gifted artistes have entered into with the metropolitan managers will not prevent their paying us a visit next season. They were ably supported by Mesdames Gordon, Watson, and Harding, and Messrs. Davis, James, Bennett, Emery, Ray, Stirling, Warde, and Dodsworth. The play of *Strathmore* was admirably put upon the stage, having all the requisites of new scenery and appropriate costumes. Mr. Macready commences his engagement on Monday, the 17th, in the character of King John.

T. E. B.

JULLIEN AT PLYMOUTH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THIS popular caterer for the amusement of the million gave two concerts at the Assembly Rooms, on Monday and Tuesday evenings last. On both occasions they were filled to excess with all the principal families of the neighbourhood, and the military and naval authorities of the town. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm with which the talented conductor was received on entering the orchestra. All seemed to vie in welcoming him to a spot where he enjoys universal popularity.

The following was the programme of the evening's amusement:—

PART I.—Overture, *Masaniello*, Auber.—Quadrille, *Masaniello*, Jullien.—Solo, Cornet-a-Piston, *First Love*, (performed by Herr Kœnig.) Roch-Albert.—Symphony, *The Allegretto Scherzo*, from Symphony in A Minor, Mendelssohn.—Cavatina, (*La Sonnambula*), "Come per me sereno," (Madame Persiani.) Bellini.—Quadrille, *The Palmyra*, Jullien.—Valse a Deux Temps, *The Lucrezia*, Jullien.

PART II.—Grand Selection from Meyerbeer's latest Opera, *The Prophète*, Meyerbeer.—Duetto, for Bassoon and Oboe, on a Tyrolien Theme, by Mons Jancourt and Mons. Delabarre, Jancourt.—Symphony, "The Allegro and Storm," from *Pastoral Symphony*, Beethoven.—Cavatina, (*Il Barbiere*) "Una voce poco fa," (Madame Persiani.) Rossini.—Valse d'Amour, Kœnig.—Solo, Violin, *The Tremolo*, Mr. Day, De Beriot.—Polka, the celebrated *Drum Polka*, Jullien.

The overture to *Masaniello* was given with perfect precision, and called forth a universal encore, which, however, was resisted, as the concert would have lasted all night had the desires of the audience been complied with. Madame Persiani sang "Come per me sereno" in her usual florid and brilliant style, and elicited loud bursts of applause from all the admirers of this gifted artiste's great powers of vocalization. The valse a deux temps, arranged by Jullien, from the melodies of the *Lucrezia*, is one of his happiest efforts, and met with boisterous applause from all parts. Madame Persiani's cavatina in the second part was "Una voce poco fa," and she could not have made a better selection. She sang it in a miraculous style. A solo on the violin, "The Tremolo," by Mr. Day, created a great sensation. It is the first time this artist has played a solo before a Plymouth audience, and I think the very favor-

able impression he has made will not easily be forgotten. The "Drum Polka" finished the evening's amusement, and Jullien descended from his throne amid cheering on all sides. It is greatly to be lamented that the theatre, being open with the regular troupe, prevented the possibility of Jullien's entering into arrangements with Mr. Newcombe for its occupation.

T. E. B.

JULLIEN AT CHELTENHAM.

(From a Correspondent.)

ON Thursday, the 30th ult., M. Jullien and his famous band, accompanied with that charming vocalist, Madame Persiani, gave two concerts here, under the auspices of Messrs. Hall and Son. The attendance was very great, considering the intense heat of the weather. The performances were, both morning and evening, first-rate; Madame Persiani sang beautifully, and was rapturously applauded. At the evening concert, Mr. Pratten performed a flute solo most beautifully; the performance, indeed, was quite à la Nicholson; and, notwithstanding the crowded state of the rooms and the intense heat, Madame Persiani was encored in the "Una voce poco fa"—an honour she did not choose to have thrust upon her in the morning; for, though the call for her was very loud, she did not come back—much to the disappointment of her very ardent admirers. We are glad to be able to state that Messrs. Hall and Sons have made arrangements with M. Jullien (who is always welcome to a Cheltenham audience) to give two more concerts in the winter, and may be a ball. They have also arranged with Mr. John Parry to give his popular entertainments here; and we believe with Madame Dulcken arrangements are also pending, for Madame Sontag's party; so that altogether Messrs. Hall and Son are determined to do their duty, as far as providing first-rate musical entertainments for our visitors go.

MUSIC AT DAVENTRY.

(From a Correspondent.)

MR. SPARK, the organist of the church at this place, and a pupil of Dr. Wesley, gave an evening concert on Thursday, the 30th ult., at the theatre, to an audience including the chief families of the town and neighbourhood. The concert was under the conduct of Mr. Spark, who accompanied the vocal music with taste and judgment; and, in a selection he gave from Mendelssohn's "Lieder ohne worte," these qualities, combined with purity of style, secured a delightful performance; while, in his second solo, De Meyer's "Air Bohemian Russe," with a galop di bravura, by Schulhoff, his manual dexterity in the difficulties of modern pianism, was very favourably shown in the ease with which he mastered the most elaborate passages of the piece last mentioned, which was rapturously encored. The vocalists engaged were Miss Stewart, Miss Cubitt, and Mr. George Buckland. Mr. G. H. Lake, the performer on the concertina, also appeared; and in a fantasia on airs from *La Figlia del Reggimento*, and a "Tyrolienne," exhibited the capabilities of his pleasing instrument and his finished execution with great effect. In the latter piece, he was warmly recalled, when he gave the favourite serenade, "Com' e' gentil," from *Don Pasquale*. Weber's scena, "Ocean, thou mighty monster!" was rendered by Miss Stewart with great dramatic feeling; and a hearty encore was awarded to Miss Cubitt in the ballad, "I would not, if I could, forget;" and one still more vociferous to Mr. Buckland, in his buffo song, "Jack and the Bean-stalk," a display of comic power really admirable. Amongst the many features of in-

terest presented by the programme, a very pleasing and clever duet, entitled, "Oh, lovely, charming May," written and composed by Mr. Spark, and sung by Miss Stewart and Miss Cubitt, might be cited as one of the most successful. The quartett, from Oberon, "Over the dark blue waters," brought the concert to a very satisfactory conclusion.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEW STRAND.

MR. J. MADDISON MORTON has been very successful in his contributions to this little theatre.—*John Dobbs*, produced some months back, was one of the best farces, and he made another decided "hit" last night with a neat piece of intrigue, entitled *Where there's a Will there's a Way*.

The scene is laid at the court of Portugal in the middle of the last century, and, with respect to its character, the piece may be classed with the numerous dramas which are laid at the court of Spain in the reign of Philip V.—a system of refined intrigue being the basis of the whole. Francesca, the Princess Regent of Portugal, is married to a military gentleman who is totally without political influence, and though she is devotedly attached to him, she makes a point of resisting all his endeavours to obtain places for his friends, in order to display her independence. Desiring to serve one friend in particular, and, at the same time being unwilling to explain to this friend the powerlessness of his position, the consort adopts the crooked course of apparently opposing his protégé's wishes at every step, and thus ultimately effects his object. The idea of gaining a point by acting on the obstinacy of the patron has not been hackneyed, and the situations which arise from the position of the parties are novel and ingenious. There is every reason to believe that the piece is taken from the French, but the dialogue has all the characteristic smartness and original tone of Mr. Maddison Morton.

The company at the New Strand Theatre is excellently adapted to the representation of these little dramas, and the piece was admirably performed throughout. Mr. Leigh Murray was the intriguing consort, chuckling heartily over the success of his projects. Mrs. Stirling was the Princess, brimful of affection, but ready to relapse into cold austerity on the least appearance of trifling with her dignity. Mr. Compton, who was most comically made up for an eccentric place-seeker not intimately connected with the plot, had some capital lines (in the "Morton" style), which he delivered with most "telling" quaintness. The obliged friend, who cannot help fancying that his benefactor is his greatest enemy, has little to do beyond the exhibition of a sort of puzzled embarrassment, but this was ably assumed by Mr. W. Farren, jun., a young actor of the establishment.

REVIEWS OF MUSIC.

"*Die Freudenfest Polka*," composed and dedicated to the Marchioness of Londonderry, by HENRY HILES.—J. WILLIAMS.

If a polka possess a pleasing, well-marked dance tune, and it be written simply and unaffectedly, nothing further is required—and such is Mr. Henry Hiles' "Freudenfest Polka."

"*My Childhood's Days*," Ballad. Words by LEOPOLD WRAX, Esq.; Sung by Miss MESSENT; composed by IGNACE GIBSON.—ADDISON and Co.

This is in every way a simplicity—simple words, simple tune, simple harmonies, and, by inevitable consequence, a meritorious ballad. We admire the feeling both of the poetry and the air, and can recommend the song as well adapted to suit a medium voice.

ANCIENT ECCLESIASTICAL SHOWS OR FESTIVALS, IN WHICH MUSIC FORMED AN ESSENTIAL FEATURE.

I.—THE FEAST OF FOOLS.

FROM the complete establishment of the church until within a short time before the Reformation, darkness overspread the world, and the great mass of the clergy themselves were in a state of deplorable ignorance. During this period, in order to wean the people from the ancient spectacles, particularly the Bacchanalian and calendary solemnities, religious shows were instituted, partaking of the same spirit of licentiousness. Among these religious exhibitions were the *Feast of Fools*, the *Feast of the Ass*, and the celebration of the *Boy Bishop*.

The uncertainty of the day to which some feasts belong, the date of their celebration having varied probably with time and place, makes it often impossible to assign them an appropriate niche in the calendar. Such is the case with the *Feast of Fools*, a custom of Easter origin, and one on no account to be confounded with *All Fools' Day*, to which, so far as mere sound goes, it bears so great a similarity. It was a favourite festival in France at one time, but more particularly in the capital, at Rheims, and at Dijon; and was nothing more than another form of those *mummeries* and masqueradings which either grew directly out of the pagan festivities, or were substituted for them by the Christian Church, as the best way of reconciling its followers to the austerities of the new faith.

It is not a little remarkable that the lower orders of the priesthood should have clung to this festival with even more fondness than the laity, in defiance of the efforts of the superior clergy to put it down; and indeed it would seem in some measure to have been peculiar to them, for amongst other names it was also called the *Feast of Subdeacons*. Nor was the time of its celebration more certain, it being sometimes observed on the *Circumcision*; sometimes on the *Epiphany*, or in its octaves; sometimes on *St. Stephen's Day*; and sometimes on the 17th of December, from which it was also called the *December Liberty*.

There is the same diversity, if we should not rather call it confusion, in the ceremony itself, the various accounts being somewhat inconsistent with each other; but the following will perhaps be found upon the whole to present a tolerably correct idea of the festival.

The abbot being elected at the time above mentioned, *Te Deum* is sung, and he is borne home on the shoulders of his companions, the place being especially adorned for the purpose, and where due potations are in readiness. At his entrance all arise, and the wine being drunk, the abbot, or in his absence the præcentor, begins a chaunt, the two opposing choruses gradually increasing in loudness, and trying to out-scream the other, with running accompaniments of howling, hissing, laughing, mocking, and clapping of hands, at the conclusion of which the janitor makes proclamation *ex officio*, "*De par Mossenhör Labet é sos Cosseliers vos sam assüber que tot homs lo sequal lay on voura anar' ea quo sus le pena de tathar lo braye*;" that is, "Monsignor the Abbot and his Councilors give you to know that all men must follow him wheresoever he goes, on pain of having their breeches cut off."

Hereupon the abbot and the rest rush out of the house, and parade the city, the former being saluted by all who meet him in his progress. This lasts till the *Eve of the Nativity*; and during the whole time the abbot wears a costume suitable to the part he is playing.

From other authors we learn that the excesses went far

beyond what is here related by Ducange. According to such accounts, some of the characters were masked, or had their faces bedaubed with paint, either grotesquely or so hideously as to excite terror. In this state they danced into the choir, singing obscene songs, and the deacons and subdeacons took a pleasure in eating puddings and sausages upon the altar, under the nose of the officiating priest; they played, too, at cards and dice before his face, and placed fragments of old shoes in the holy vessels, that he might be annoyed. Mass being over, they ran, and jumped, and danced about the church, stripping themselves naked, and performing every sort of indecency; and afterwards, by way of varying their amusements, paraded the city in carts filled with filth, which they flung at the crowds about them. From time to time, these savoury vehicles would stop, to give them an opportunity of exhibiting themselves in lascivious pantomime, accompanied by songs that were not a jot more decent. What they were, cannot be better indicated than by the fact that none but the most licentious of the laity could be found to join in them as actors, however much they might enjoy the show as lookers-on; and it gives us a curious insight into the policy of the priesthood, that they could thus allow the worst of the rabble to play the part of fools in the costume of monks and nuns.

In France, at different cathedral churches, there was a Bishop or an Archbishop of Fools elected, and in the churches immediately dependent upon the papal see, a Pope of Fools. These mock pontiffs had usually a proper suite of ecclesiastics; and one of their ridiculous ceremonies was to shave the Præcentor of Fools upon a stage erected before the church, in the presence of the populace, who were amused during the operation by his lewd and vulgar discourses, accompanied by actions equally reprehensible. The Bishop or Pope of Fools performed the service habited in pontifical garments, and gave his benediction in due form at the close of the mass.

Such is a brief account of one of the most celebrated of those religious absurdities, which, happily for the present age, are now no more. Those who may feel disposed to know more of the subject may consult M. du Tillot's "Memoirs pour servir à l'Histoire de la Fête des Foux," printed at Geneva in 1741; or, in English, Mr. Wright's Archæological Album; Hone's Ancient Mysteries; and George Soane's New Curiosities of Literature.

EDWARD S. RIMBAULT, LL.D.

MUSICAL ENIGMA.

- I AM composed of 19 letters.
 My 2, 4, 10, 16, 5, is a celebrated composer.
 My 6, 18, 6, 5, is a noisy opera.
 My 8, 5, 8, 9, 7, 16, is a celebrated performer on the horn.
 My 7, 16, 6, 15, 6, 9, is an opera composed by my 8, 7, 16, 11, 18.
 My 1, 15, 14, 4, 5, 7, 16, 9, is a singer who lately made his *début* in public.
 My 16, 12, 6, 17, 12, 6, 18, is a celebrated singer.
 My 2, 6, 11, 10, 6, 13, 7, is the reverse of my 19, 4, 4, 14, 16, 12.
 My 12, 4, 4, 19, 8, 5, 7, 16, is a music publisher in London.
 My 4, 10, 11, 12, 6, 6, 2, 11, 7, 4, 4, 2, 14, 12, is a splendid 12, 1, 7, 16, 2.
 My 15, 16, 5, 14, 12, 13, 13, 5, is a well known professor of singing at Brighton.
 My 17, 12, 6, 17, 7, 16, 13 is always well attended.
 My 19, 1, 5, 2, 17, 7, 16, 7, is often used in music, both instrumental and vocal.
 My 1, 2, 16, 12, 11, 5, is a popular singer.
 My 1, 5, 4, 12, 13, 13, 18, conducts very often at my 1, 5, 19, 6, 12, at concerts.

My 5, 13, 2, 4, 5, 2, 6, 12, 1, 7, 16, 10, is the resort of the 7, 4, 5, 13, 7.

My 17, 12, 6, 13, 7, 3, 14, 12, 4, 5, 6, 12, is a beautiful composition.

My 4, 23, 7, 6, 3, is a performer on the 8, 5, 12, 4, 12, 6, 17, 7, 4, 4, 12.

My 9, 3, 16, 18, 13, 2, 6, 9, is a charming opera.

My 13, 2, 6, 17, 16, 7, 11, 5, is an admired heroic opera.

My 14, 12, 16, 5, 2, is a well-known present piannist.

My 13, 2, 11, 12, 4, 5, 6, 9, is a singer rather *passée*.

My 16, 12, 8, 7, 16, 7, is a buffo singer of note.

My 16, 5, 8, 2, 4, is no one less than the 11, 5, 8, 15.

My 7, 4, 7, 14, 2, 6, 17, 7; my 13, 19, 4, 7, 6, 13; and my 8, 5, 16, 13, 3, 7; are attributes of my whole, who is a celebrated 17, 2, 6, 13, 19, 13, 16, 5, 17, 7.

HARRIET A. B.—F.

GRAND RUSTIC FETE AT BALMORAL.

PRINCE ALBERT'S BIRTHDAY.

THE Prince's birthday falling on Sunday the 26th, Monday the 27th was set apart for celebrating the auspicious event at Balmoral Castle, and never, perhaps, has Her Majesty enjoyed such a day of rustic delight and amusement as on this occasion. None were permitted to be in the grounds, save the tenantry, the domestics, or others connected with the royal estates of Balmoral, Abergeldie, and Birkhall, unless we except a few of the neighbouring nobility and gentry who joined the royal circle during the fête.

Ever since the arrival of the court at Balmoral, the utmost quiet and privacy has been observed. The grounds are guarded by a small detachment of London police. Her Majesty is spared much annoyance from parties meeting her in her walks, and constantly interrupting her, by presenting petitions, taking notes, sketches, &c.

The morning presented a sad aspect. The clouds were dark and lowering—the atmosphere close and warm. Lochnagar and its companion mountains wore a veil of misty whiteness, and a drizzling rain fell. At an early hour, could be seen approaching, from hill and dale, the hardy, kilted Highlanders, to the castle, to join the sports, and to aid in celebrating the anniversary of the birth-day of the noble prince. A programme had been arranged and sent round to the few invited neighbours. The day's amusement was to consist of Highland games, the entertainments of Professor Anderson, the Wizard of the North, and to conclude with the Highland ball. Just before 3 p.m., the Queen, accompanied by his Royal Highness Prince Albert, who, with the Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred, and the Hon. Colonel A. Gordon, wore the full Highland garb, followed by an assemblage of neighbouring nobility and gentry, walked on to a distant part of the park shaded with tall birch trees, and bordering a green area, where were assembled the competitors for the games.

Her Majesty, however, observing that the rain had rendered the ground so soft and slippery as to incommode the athlete, at once directed them to proceed to her private lawn, in front of the castle. The sky shortly after brightened up, the sun broke forth, and all soon became lively and gay. The games, which consisted of racing, putting the stone, throwing the hammer, tossing the caber, &c., &c., went off in good earnest, and all seemed delighted. After the athletic sports had been engaged in for a considerable time, the company adjourned to a beautiful pavilion, which had been fitted up for the occasion, and in which was erected the magic temple of Professor Anderson.

This room was an oblong building, about 60 feet long by 30 wide. It was covered, inside and out, with heather and small boughs of the birch, collected from the wilds of

Balmoral. The floor was laid with sawed fir, and the whole formed one of the neatest and most picturesque scenes possible. On one side was a true Highland throne, formed of fir, heather, roses, and other flowers, on which were placed chairs for the Queen, Prince, and family. At one end was a raised platform for the pipers, and the other end was thrown open, and was filled up by the magnificent magic temple of the Great Wizard of the North. The stage was decorated with flowers, covered with a rich Turkey carpet, and illuminated by hundreds of wax-lights in silver branches and candelabras.

On the entrance of the Queen, the National Anthem was most excellently played, by Miss Isabella Wilson, a young pianist of Aberdeen, who had been engaged for the occasion; after which, her Majesty and all took their seats, and both the Queen and the Prince seemed surprised at the excellent arrangement of the whole place.

Her Majesty and the Prince, and more especially the Royal children, expressed their entire satisfaction with the manner in which Professor Anderson performed his tricks. Amongst those more particularly noticed and admired by her Majesty, was, "The Magic Scrap Book," a beautiful piece of workmanship, in papier maché, about 40 inches long, 28 wide, and 3 thick. It was minutely examined by the Queen and Prince; and, immediately before them, it was placed upon a set of skeleton tressels, and opened, when the wizard commenced to take out his scraps, consisting of hats, bonnets, plates, and bird cages, a large fat goose, several large vases of gold fish, in water, and to crown all, the professor's little son, in full Highland costume, at which her Majesty raised her hands, and, wondered how he ever got there. His Royal Highness expressed his approbation, and loud applause followed.

The next feat was the professor's "Magic Breakfast, or a new mode of preparing coffee." The "Enchanted Handkerchief" followed after, in which feat Professor A. was assisted by Prince Albert, Lord Portman, Mr. Anson, and the Prince of Wales. Mr. Anderson used Her Majesty's handkerchief, and a number of others, all of which he tossed into a pail, and placed a box in charge of Prince Albert, in which he put several pigeons, &c., and requested his Royal Highness to lock it and retain the key, after which Mr. Anderson poured on the handkerchiefs a large bucketful of water, washed them, placed them into a vessel, and left them in charge of Lord Portman. In an instant he sought the two articles, and it was found that Lord Portman had got the pigeons; his Royal Highness unlocked the box to seek his charge, when, lo! they were gone, and, to the astonishment of himself and the Queen—he found the whole of the handkerchiefs dried, ironed, and perfumed. The wizard returned the Queen's amid great applause.

The "Wonderful Hat," which, on this occasion, was Mr. Anson's, procured the Royal approbation repeatedly, and nearly all assembled received either a bouquet, handbox, toy, or other token, from Mr. Anson's wonderful hat.

Mr. Anderson was asked if he would perform "The Inexhaustible Bottle." On receiving the royal command, he called for a champagne bottle, and handed a number of glasses round, and asked Lord Portman what he would drink. His lordship replied whisky. Whisky was poured out. Mr. Anson preferred brandy, which he got. Several demanded wine, which passed freely; and one of the proprietors of the Royal Distillery, thinking to baffle the professor, asked for a glass of Lochnagar whisky. No sooner said than done.

The next feat was an experiment with six watches, which were placed in a box by the queen's footman, Mr. Gibb, who went on the stage, and, having seated himself, placed the box

on his head, and was told that, on the firing of a gun, the watches would leave the box, pass through his skull, and through his body, and appear suspended under the chair, which on the instant was done, to the astonishment of all assembled.

The professor concluded his entertainment by the suspension of his son in the air under the influence of chloroform. Afterwards Her Majesty retired, and sent for Mr. Anderson, to express her entire satisfaction at his wonderful performances, as did also his Royal Highness the Prince.

The Royal party now retired to dinner, after which the court returned to the ball-room, which was thronged with the Highland lads and lasses, in full costume. After all were seated, the dances commenced, and were soon joined in by Lady Jocelyn, Lady Portmar, the Hon. Miss Dawson, and others of the court.

The Queen, his Royal Highness Prince Albert, and family, wore Highland costumes, of the royal Stuart tartan. The Royal party retired from the ball-room about midnight, and dancing was commenced in the dining-room of the castle, and kept up in both places for some time—in the ball-room till three a.m.

A more joyous day could not have been spent than was Monday at Balmoral. Everything went off happily; and his Royal Highness will never forget the happy faces which surrounded him to welcome in his thirtieth year.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

HANDEL.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR.—Mr. Hogarth, in his "Memoirs of the Musical Drama," (vol. ii., chap. i.,) states that the Royal Academy of Music closed its existence in 1728, in which year Handel brought out his opera, *Tolomeo Rè d'Egitto*; that in the year 1730 Handel brought out *Parthenope* at the King's Theatre, then under the joint management and ownership of himself and Heidegger. I am anxious to reconcile this statement with the fact that my copy of *Parthenope* bears on the title-page, "as it was performed at the King's Theatre for the Royal Academy." My copy is one of Walsh's, and the cast given is that given by Mr. Hogarth as belonging to the Opera House under Heidegger's rule, and contrasted by him with that which had lately belonged to it under the management of the Royal Academy.

If you will kindly permit this to appear in your journal, perhaps some one of your correspondents may favour me by a solution of the difficulty.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

LACY H. RUMSEY.

Thurnham, Sept. 4.

MISS CUSHMAN.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—In reply to a correspondent some weeks since, wishing to know if Miss Cushman ever played two male characters in London or the provinces, I beg to say that Miss Cushman has performed the characters of Romeo and Ion, in the Bristol Theatre, September 14th and 16th, 1846. Perhaps the gentleman will acknowledge the receipt of this. I remain, Sir, yours, &c. R. H.

Bristol, August 30th, 1849.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. HOWARD GLOVER'S Musical and Dramatic Academy will re-open on Monday. The excellence and peculiar fitness of this establishment has already called forth our especial eulogy. The dramatic department will, as heretofore, be under the direction of Mrs. Glover. For particulars, we refer our readers to advertisement.

THEATRE ROYAL, LIVERPOOL.—The public will be delighted to hear that Mr. Copeland has engaged Alboni and several other distinguished vocalists to appear in a series of operas, at this house, in the course of a few days. The great contralto has never been seen in opera in Liverpool, and the desire to see her cannot fail to be intense.—*Liverpool Paper*.

DEATH OF COULON, THE DANCER.—M. Coulon, the popular and highly-esteemed dancer, died lately of cholera at Paris.

SIGNOR DE BEGNIS has left in one of the New York Banks 20,000 dollars, without an heir, at least in that country. De Begnis had at one time possessed a large property in houses in London.

MADAME BISHOP.—By recent intelligence from Mexico, we learn that Madame Bishop was in that city, and was only awaiting the arrival of her wardrobe from Vera Cruz, in order to make her debut in opera.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The expenditure of the Royal Italian Opera, during the past season, was £55,830 for 66 nights.

BATH HARMONIC SOCIETY.—We understand that Mr. Bianchi Taylor (the much-respected and indefatigable conductor of the Society's Concerts) has, at this early stage, commenced preparations for the forthcoming season. He has invited the choir to assemble at his residence for rehearsal, and many have already gladly availed themselves of the advantage, and met for that purpose. In answer to inquiries made to us by parties desirous of becoming local members, we believe it is only necessary to apply to the secretary, Mr. Hobson, or to Mr. Taylor—but it is expected that every aspirant should be capable of reading music tolerably at sight.—*Herald*.

MR. JOHN DAVIS, of the Theatre Royal, Plymouth, has been engaged to perform before the Queen and Prince Albert, at the forthcoming Theatricals at Windsor Castle, at Christmas.

MACCLESFIELD.—Mr. Graham and Miss Goddard, of whom provincial report speak so much in favour, are playing a round of leading parts here, and are drawing good houses.

HULL.—QUEEN'S THEATRE ROYAL.—This favourite place of amusement still continues to enjoy a full complement of deserved success. Each week produces some new star or piece. This week the talented Flexmore and Mdle. Auril are announced, and other parties of equally attractive talent are engaged to appear at the conclusion of their engagement.

MR. LAKE'S CONCERT-THATRE, COVENTRY.—This concert was but thinly attended. We should think the expenses scarcely realised. The *beneficiaires* deserved better success. Miss Stewart acquitted herself to great advantage in Weber's difficult scena, "Ocean, thou mighty monster." Few are artistically fitted for such dramatic scenes, and fewer still able to appreciate either artist or music. Mr. Buckland's comic powers created great mirth. If not original, they were very amusing. Mr. Lake's concertina performance was quite new to a Coventry audience, and appeared to give much satisfaction as well as pleasure. The powers of the instrument were displayed with good taste and expression, and in executive skill as much power as the limited character of the instrument possessed. Miss Cubitt's style and selection were too much of the namby-pamby school, excepting "Non piu sogno," a remark not applicable to the other parts of the performance.

THE HEART'S MUSIC.

From Charles Swain's "English Melodies."

The bird that to the evening sings,
Leaves music, when her song is ended;
A sweetness left—which takes not wings—
But with each pulse of eve is blended:
Thus life involves a double light,
Our acts and words have many brothers;
The heart that makes its own delight
Makes also a delight for others.

The owls that hoot from midnight tower
Shed gloom and discord ere they leave it;
And sweetness closes, like a flower
That shuts itself from tones that grieve it;
Thus life involves or double joy,
Or double gloom, for each hath brothers;
The heart that makes its own annoy
Makes also an annoy for others.

WINDSOR THEATRICALS.—The Queen has commanded Mr. Bartley, who, it will be remembered, read by desire before her Majesty the illustrative verses of the Oratorios of *Athalia*, *Antigone*, and *Edipus*, to appear as Falstaff in the first part of *Henry IV.*, at Windsor, next Christmas, when the dramatic representations are to be resumed.

A VAIN POET.—It was in 1826, at Weimar, that I was first introduced to Matthiesson, and though Matthiesson did me the honour to embrace me publicly, in recognition of my insignificant talents as the first German improvisatore (that is to say, the first who had ventured to show to his countrymen that poetical improvisation was not impossible in their language), I cannot say that I was very favourably impressed either with his personal appearance, or with his behaviour. There was a certain weak vanity discernible in him, which did not become either the poet or the man. His long residence at different courts had made him a courtier; *les grands de la terre* appeared to him as deities; he was full of bows, and eternally ducking and curtsying like a country squire's daughter at her first ball. He was a little thin man, with white hair, but totally devoid of that dignity which might be expected from a poet of his fame—full of the deepest devotion to all who wore a ribbon in the button-hole, or wrote their names with a *von* before them. A friend of mine, the late Wilhelm Müller (of whom we shall speak hereafter), met with him some time after at Stuttgart, and in their interview, though both were literary men, and, what is more, both successful as poets, the weak old Matthiesson, during their entire interview, spoke of nothing but the amiable qualities, the talents, the acquirements of the hereditary Prince of Würtemberg, and urged the good-natured Müller very earnestly to pay him his respects in person. Müller consented, and asked, "How old is the young Prince?" Matthiesson answered with seriousness and fervour, "The highly promising royal youth has just passed his fourth year!" When at Weimar, Matthiesson, in a literary circle, spoke of nothing but his own talents as a reader, and so teased even Goëthe, that the latter, at last, permitted him to read some scenes of his (Goëthe's) own "*Faust*" before him. To honour the King of Würtemberg's librarian, the literary men of Weimar gave him a dinner, where Hummel was obliged to play, and the writer, as already mentioned, to attempt some extemporaneous verses in praise of Goëthe (a theme which Matthiesson himself gave); the old poet, in exchange, rewarded them by reciting some of his minor poems, which equally chilled their hearts and their soup.—*O. L. B. Wolfe*.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF PARIS.—In consequence of the closing of the Opera "for repairs," the directors have suspended the engagements of the *artistes* in virtue of a clause in the *cahier des charges*, which authorises them so to do, in the case of a forcible suspension of the performances. M. Coralli, master of the ballet; and M. Eugene Coralli, a dancer, have, however, brought actions against MM. Duponchel and Roqueplan to compel them to execute the engagements and to pay the salaries, or to put an end to their contracts by paying the forfeits of 15,000*fr.*, and 10,000*fr.*, which were agreed on. The case was called on yesterday before the Tribunal of Commerce, but it was postponed for a fortnight.

CHIVALRIC POETRY.—At the same time with the Provençal poetry, chivalry had its rise. It was, in a manner, the soul of the new literature; and the character which is thus given to the latter, so different from anything in antiquity, and so rich in poetical invention, is one of the most important matters of observation in the history of modern literature. We must not confound chivalry with the feudal system. The feudal system may be called the real life of the period of which we are treating, possessing its advantages and its inconveniences, its virtues and its vices. Chivalry, on the contrary, is the ideal world, such as it existed in the imagination of the Romance writers. Its essential character is devotion to woman and to honour. But the poetical notions which then prevailed, as to the virtues which constituted the perfection of knights and ladies, were not entirely the fictions of the brain. They existed amongst the people, though perhaps without being carried into action; and when at last they acquired greater stability by the heroic songs in which they were inculcated, they began to assert a more practical influence over the people who had given them birth, and the realities of the feudal system became identified with the fictions of chivalry.—*Sismondi's Literature of Europe*.

THE ITALIAN OPERA IN PARIS.—While our contemporaries both in Paris and London, have been amusing their readers with accounts of projects and offers for the opening of the Italian Opera House for the ensuing season in Paris, the iron hand of justice, or rather the law, has laid its inflexible claws upon all the seizable property in the theatre. The tapestry, sofas, chairs, music, and scenery, were quietly sold by auction a few days ago—quietly is exactly the word, for so quiet was it, that there were not above eight or ten persons assembled at the sale, and the canvass woods and groves, "vocal now no more," which have so often rung to the melodies of Grisi, Persiani, Mario, &c., re-echoed only to the sharp unmusical knock of the auctioneer's hammer; a sadder picture of desolation than this once lately brilliant theatre exhibited on this occasion, it would be indeed difficult to imagine. As one of the poor scene-shifters said, with tears in his eyes, and poverty and privation written in every feature, "See, gentlemen, what the revolution has done for us!" It is needless to add that the property did not fetch nearly a tithe of its value.—*Galvani's Messenger.*

ARCANGELO CORELLI.—The solos of Corelli, which form his *Opera Quinta*, have, for more than a century, been considered indispensable by the most eminent masters as an elementary work to all good schools for the violin. This composition, on which the fame of its celebrated author chiefly rests, was first printed at Rome, Jan. 1, 1700; and its reputation quickly spread throughout Europe, being greatly promoted by the zeal and ability of the composer's pupils, Geminiani and Locatelli; the one in England, and the other in Holland. The admiration bestowed by the musical world on these sonatas or solos, was due to that characteristic originality and excellence in them which blended the useful with the agreeable in an unexampled manner; and, as on every repetition their fame increased, the study of them became general, and was at one time so enthusiastic, that to be well skilled and versed in the beauties and effects of their style, was deemed necessary, not only to acquire a perfect execution on the violin, but even to fix the hand and form the taste for the harpsichord, the violoncello, and the contra basso. Mr. George Pigott, the well known musical publisher of Grafton Street, Dublin, has issued proposals for printing twelve solos of the composer by subscription. Accompaniments will be added for the pianoforte, with separate parts for the violin, violoncello, and contrabasso. We refer to advertisement for further particulars. The work is entitled to the best support.

MUSICAL NOVELTY.—Amongst the novelties in pianofortes is a neat instrument designed by J. Edgar, No. 1, Upper Duke Street, for the Philharmonic Society. It stands on a plinth, to form a conductor's desk, by which means the conductor has the compass of the whole of the voices under his command. The compass is three and a half octaves from F in bass to C alt. The tone is very rich and powerful.—*Liverpool Chronicle.*

EXTRAORDINARY JUBILEE.—It is proposed to hold an "Anglo-Saxon Jubilee," at Wantage, in honour of Alfred the Great (born at Wantage, 849). The time suggested is the middle of October, as it is believed that the birth-day of Alfred was between the 26th and 29th October; and the latter day is well known to have been the date of his death, in the year 901. It is hoped by the originators of this project, that a surplus fund may be raised towards erecting, at Wantage, a memorial to record the commemoration; and that a donation may be given to the Royal Literary Fund in the name of the Scholar-King.

THE GOETHE CENTENARY.—This interesting celebration, as will be seen from an announcement in another column, will take place at the Albion Hotel, on Tuesday evening next, the 28th inst. The proceedings of the evening will be pleasantly intermingled with songs of the great German poet, performed by the *Lieder Tafel*, the gentlemen composing which have cheerfully come forward to give their assistance on the occasion. As the room in which the celebration will take place, holds only a limited number, an early application, we believe, will be necessary to secure tickets.

Mr. MACREADY has taken Sherborne House (late the residence of Samuel Pretor, Esq.) We understand that a limited term has been agreed to, that Mr. Macready may be able to judge whether he will like the locality as the place for a permanent residence.—*Sherborne Journal.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW WORK—JUST OUT.

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MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC ACADEMY,

21A, SOHO SQUARE.

MR. HOWARD GLOVER

Begs to announce that the above Institution will RE-OPEN
ON MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 10th, 1849.

Mr. GLOVER has the satisfaction of informing the Public, that during the vacation several of his pupils have appeared, under his guidance, upon the Provincial Stage, with the greatest success, which can be attested by reference to Manchester, Glasgow, and Liverpool newspapers of recent date. The MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC ACADEMY can now offer to the operatic aspirant the peculiar and unique advantage of being connected with the new PRINCE'S THEATRE-ROYAL, GLASGOW, under the management of Mr. EDMUND GLOVER, where Pupils may have an opportunity of acquiring Stage Practice, when sufficiently advanced to benefit by it. The Dramatic Department will be under the direction of

MRS. GLOVER.

When the very short time which has elapsed since the opening of the Academy, which took place February 1st, 1848, is considered, Mr. HOWARD GLOVER confidently hopes it will be admitted that he has fulfilled the promises of his Prospectus; all the Pupils capable of appearing before the Public having been brought forward in the principal Concert Rooms of the Metropolis and leading Theatres of the Provinces, and their efforts having been crowned with almost unprecedented success. During the months of October and November next, a series of

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For further particulars, and terms, apply to Mr. HOWARD GLOVER, 21A, SOHO SQUARE.

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Mr. GAVIN, Dentist, begs to announce that he has REMOVED to 33, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, where he continues to perform every operation connected with the teeth, upon those successful principles and moderate charges which have ensured him so much patronage. By his peculiar and scientific method he perfectly and harmlessly fixes artificial teeth in the mouth; the extraction of roots, or any painful operation whatever, is rendered perfectly unnecessary. A single tooth, from 5s. A complete set, £5. Old pieces of teeth remodelled, and made to fit with security and comfort.

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